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# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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# ONCE A WEEK

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**JULIUS CHAMBERS . . . . . EDITOR.**

"MR. BLAINE'S eyes are all right."—Dr. T. C. PLATT, late Republican leader in New York, now Political Oculist.

LIKE JIM BLUDSO, the delegates to the Minneapolis Convention must "see their duty—a dead sure thing—and go for it, then and there."

THERE'S an old saying that no lawyer is smart enough to draw up his own will, and there are plenty of contests on record to prove it, one of the most notable being that by which the city of New York lost the greater part of the beneficence intended by the late SAMUEL J. TILDEN. The recent breaking of JAMES K. POLK'S will, however, shows that even a President of the United States is no shrewder than other people when he tries to control his property after death.

AS THE announcement has been made, and truly, that some sounds repeated by the phonograph have a tendency to lessen deafness, it may as well be said also that any repetition of sudden, sharp and distinct noises is equally effective. Many deaf people hear best in a boiler factory or on a rattling railway train, with old cars and shaky windows. Specialists in diseases of the ear probably can show the relation between cause and effect in this matter, but almost any deaf person can try the cure for himself by lounging in the nearest tin-shop or closeting himself with a small boy who owns a drum, particularly if the boy has been told not to make a noise.

## HAIL TO THE CANDIDATE!

THIS will be a fateful week in American politics. The Republican Convention to nominate a Presidential candidate will meet at Minneapolis on June 7th. Foremost among the significant events of the past few days has been the visit of JAMES G. BLAINE to New York and his conference, while here, with the leaders of his party. He reached the center of political activity just as the tide began setting irresistibly toward his nomination, and within twenty-four hours thereafter all the little "booms" about which so much has been said were forgotten and covered with the mantle of silence. The ALGER "furore," with which the Michigan papers have resounded, died out; the MCKINLEY "enthusiasm" and the SHERMAN "still hunt" consumed each other; the "Czar" REED "torrent" which was to sweep the country, dried up, and the DEPEW "cyclone," that was to wreck all "slates" and wipe "bossism" from the face of Nature, was seen to be only a pretty eddy of iridescent smoke.

So great is the man that he has smiled condescendingly on the plotters and schemers who, for the past four or five years, have been trying to relegate him to obscurity. Even before he has given a sign, they discover that no dike of their construction can restrain the impetuous streams of popular demand that are sweeping Minneapolisward from all parts of the country. As it now seems, all these gorged rivulets must there unite on Tuesday next in a flood of public sentiment before which all resistance will be powerless.

Mr. BLAINE will not speak, it is "officially" and "authoritatively" announced.

We very much doubt if, at this late day, Mr. BLAINE can take himself out of the contest by anything short of literal suicide. It is hardly a figure of speech to declare that "nothing but death can prevent his nomination."

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About his election we say nothing. ONCE A WEEK is not affiliated with any party. It has no preferences or dislikes in politics. All honest politicians are equally its friends. But it does want to see the two great parties in this country name men for their candidates who really and truly represent the pride and the intelligence of the people of the United States.

ONCE A WEEK hasn't an aim in its present or future that is not identified with the greatness and the continued prosperity of our common country. Whether the nation marches on to greatness under the banner of a Democratic, a Republican or an Independent chieftain matters not, if the leadership be brave and true.

Forward, then, to Minneapolis, Republicans of the United States, and show us who you intend to offer as your champion!

THE *Illustrated London News* is just celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, and, under the date of May 14th, brings out a beautifully-illustrated number, recounting the history of the newspaper and of the men connected with it during the half-century of its existence. It has a handsome cover, and, although the printing might be better, the wood-engraving therein is certainly worthy of the highest praise. May it enjoy prosperity forever!

THE late General CULLUM'S bequest of a quarter of a million dollars to the Military Academy at West Point, to erect a memorial hall, is remarkable for much beside its magnitude. It is the only money-gift of any consequence which our military college has ever received. Not a year passes without large bequests being made to other colleges, but the fact that the Government is charged with the maintenance of the West Point school seems to have entirely deprived all rich and large-hearted civilians of sentiment regarding an institution to which all of them should feel indebted. Yet West Point needs much which the Government will always hesitate to supply; Congress, no matter how generous it may be in other ways, always scrutinizes the Military Academy appropriation about as coldly as church-members regard an appeal for money to convert the heathen. Probably public-spirited men forget West Point for the reason that "what's everyone's business is no one's business;" but the lack of sentiment is none the less discreditable. The graduates cannot supply the deficiency, financially, for soldiers who die rich are as scarce as May snowflakes.

## THE FLAG AND A FRACAS.

[From the Manchester *Guardian*, May 11.]

A bill has passed the Senate enabling the Inman steamers *City of New York* and *City of Paris* to be registered as American ships.

THEIR is nothing strange in the steamers of the Inman Company being registered as American, for the company is believed to represent American capital, and is indeed commonly supposed to be owned by a well-known American railway company. But the form of the new legislation is, to say the least, peculiar. A bill abolishing the restriction as to building would have called for no remark. But the course taken is to make an exception in favor of two of the fastest steamers afloat, and to attach to it the condition that the owners are to build other ships like them in the United States. Why was this unusual course taken, and what object had the proposers of the bill in view? The answer is clearly given in the telegrams which report the proceedings. The measure is not commercial. It does not arise from any desire to adopt, even in a limited degree, the principle of Free Trade. The bill is a part of the plan for the creation of a war navy. Senator Frye, who as chairman of the Naval Committee reported on the bill, explained its advantages. The two ships in question could escape from any warship afloat, and could overtake and destroy any merchant ship afloat. The present plan is to have two ships built to match those now "annexed," and to subsidize three others to run from New York to Antwerp, "so that the Government would thus have seven of the finest war cruisers in the world." The United States Government has never subscribed to the Declaration of Paris. It holds to the right to authorize privateers, in war, and refuses to accept the doctrine that the goods of a belligerent Power are covered by the neutral flag at sea. The bill, therefore, so far as it has a purpose, implies an intention to destroy as far as may be the seaboard trade of a possible enemy.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

June 5—Sunday (Whit Sunday)—  
"With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies."—Longfellow.

June 6—Monday—  
"My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind."—Edward Dyer.

June 7—Tuesday—"You can speak well if your tongue deliver the message of your heart."—John Ford.

June 8—Wednesday—"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known."—Spenser.

June 9—Thursday—"Every hour that fleets so slowly  
Has its task to do or bear."—A. A. Procter.

June 10—Friday—"Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."—Herbert.

June 11—Saturday—"No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in time amend."—Southwell.

## THE VANDERBILT ROMANCE.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT, the oldest of the fourth generation of one of the wealthiest families in the world, died at the home of his father, Cornelius Vanderbilt, in New York City, on May 24th. He was a young man of great promise, a student at Yale College, when he was stricken with typhoid fever. He had been on an Easter vacation trip in the West just before his illness. He was born in New York on December 21, 1870, and was therefore only a few months past his majority. His grandfather, William H., had evidently intended that he should be the future head of the family, because he left him a million dollars, the income to be applied to his use during his minority and afterward to be paid to him as his father directed until he attained the age of thirty years, whereupon he was to receive the principal. The law of primogeniture has been followed in the Vanderbilt family very much as among the Astors. Young William H. was about five feet ten inches high, much resembling his father. He was an excellent horseman and a courageous polo-player. As a yachtsman, also, he was conspicuous. His prospects were very brilliant, and his death is a sad loss to New York, socially and commercially.

A young and adventurous boatman on Staten Island sixty years ago laid the foundation of a splendid fortune. He was at that time a plain, uneducated young man, without social pretensions and wholly lacking in influence, commercial or otherwise. The Vanderbilts came from the low countries early in the history of the Knickerbocker invasion. They settled on Long Island, near Flatbush, in 1685, because it was nearer the sea than the site which had been chosen for New Amsterdam. There they dwelt, generation succeeding generation, attracting no notice until the ascendancy of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was known for half a century as "The Commodore." In his early youth he had lived on the verge of poverty. This fact taught him the value of money, and probably led to the careful methods of economy which he practiced. How many great men who have figured in the commercial history of the American metropolis came to it poor boys! Peter Cooper journeyed hither and worked faithfully for twenty-five dollars a year. Cyrus W. Field came from Massachusetts and served A. T. Stewart as office-boy at two dollars a week. Horace Greeley came, a printer's boy, from New Hampshire. The Harper Brothers were Long Island farm lads. William E. Dodge came from Connecticut and began at the lowest round of the ladder. Russell Sage was a grocer's apprentice. Daniel Drew was a common plow-boy. John Kelly, John Roach, Robert Bonner and A. T. Stewart, were penniless Irish boys. Thurlow Weed was a printer's devil. Governor Flower was a chore-boy on a farm. Thomas A. Edison was a Michigan newsboy. Jay Gould was a bellows-blower for a Roxbury blacksmith at two dollars a week.

The name "Cornelius" has been in the family ever since it came to this country, and it reappears in each generation. "The Commodore" was born on Staten Island, May 27, 1794, and was one of nine children and the fourth in the family. The Vanderbilts lived in a very poor fashion, and the children all had to work very hard. Generation after generation the Vanderbilts had fed their stock and tilled their tough acres, and expected nothing better. They had stood successively, father and son, on the same green hillside, and looked down the bay through the Narrows to the sea beyond, never "expecting their ship to come home." About the father of "The Commodore" we know little. He had no start in life, inherited no patrimony, and eked out an uncertain income by sailing a boat up to New York with produce. It is said that he was the first boatman to establish the custom of leaving his wharf near the old Quarantine ground at a regular time every morning, and quitting New York for the return journey at a uniform hour in the afternoon. Thus he became, literally, the founder of the present Staten Island ferry that now carries thirty thousand people a day.

Young Cornelius was the second son, and, when he was eleven years old, his elder brother died, leaving him heir-apparent. He early attracted attention by his love for out-door sports. He hated to go to school, and never did acquire much education. He preferred to work rather than to study, but play suited him best of all. The seductive vision of moving sails did its work on the boy's imagination. He announced to his mother that he was going to be a sailor. He was sixteen years old, stalwart, tough and hardy.

His mother persuaded him to buy a boat and stay at home. There was on the farm an eight-acre lot, so hard and stony that it never had been plowed. The bargain that young Cornelius made with his mother was, that if he would plow and harrow that eight acres and plant it with corn before the 27th of the month (when he would be sixteen) he should have a hundred dollars. He closed the contract and executed it, partly by hard work and partly by strategy. He interested some of the neighboring boys in the scheme. He confided to them the fact that he was to have a new "periauger" of his own as soon as he got the patch planted; and, he added, temptingly, that anybody who helped him finish the job in a hurry would be permitted to sail in the wonderful craft and, perhaps, to some extent assist in managing it. Recruits flocked to his standard, and the field was plowed, harrowed and planted the day before his birthday. He got the boat, and from that day and from that "periauger" dates the origin of the Vanderbilt millions.

In those days New York City was a cluster of houses and stores below Fulton street; Broadway came to where the City Hall was rising, and disappeared in the cornfields to the north. The Bowery was a country lane leading to the cow-pastures above Fourteenth street. This was the town to and from which "Young Cornelius" began his first trips of transportation. A single fare was eighteen cents. The lad made money. At the end of the first year he gave one hundred dollars to his mother for the "periauger,"

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and one thousand dollars besides. At the end of the second he gave her another one thousand dollars, and in the meantime had bought a fractional interest in two or three more "periasters." The young boatman was not blessed with popular manners. He was not conciliatory, and never seemed to care what people thought or said of him. But he was honest, and charged fair prices. He served his country in the War of 1812-15 by carrying some American officers across the bay to New York in a hurricane.

Between ship-building and ship-owning, when he was twenty-three years old he found he was worth nine thousand dollars in cash, besides his interest in stanch sailing vessels. But a new candidate had come to contest with the wind the supremacy of the sea, and Cornelius Vanderbilt sat down on New Year's Day, 1818, and thought it over. The new-comer was Steam!

The first Vanderbilt house in New York was a very modest brick structure, on Stone street, near the Battery. The surroundings were narrow, unwholesome and uncomfortable. From there, "The Captain," as he was then called, soon moved to more comfortable quarters in East Broadway; but the restrictions of city life annoyed his thrifty young wife, and he soon returned with his increasing family to the little old house at Stapleton, where his mother still resided with some of her daughters. He soon built a house on Staten Island in one corner of the ancestral farm. It was not until 1840 that the family moved to New York and took up their habitation at No. 10 Washington place, the house in which the good old Commodore died.

Strangely enough, in early life, Vanderbilt had acquired a distrust of railroads, and when he recognized the advent of the age of modern navigation by steam, he plunged into it with remarkable enthusiasm, and soon controlled the steamship traffic of the Hudson River, much of the coast trade; and eventually, in 1849, when the California gold fever broke out, he sent out steamship loads of passengers by way of the Isthmus to the El Dorado. For a quiet Dutchman, Cornelius displayed an energy unexampled in the history of his time. The California exodus was the corner-stone of his fortune! He bought one steamship after another, and crowded them to their utmost capacity. He exacted very high prices for passage, and literally coined money. He went to Nicaragua himself, and in the face of every danger took a small steamship up to the lake of that name, completing his chain of transportation from ocean to ocean. For months he estimated his income at five thousand dollars a day.

In 1853 he had eleven million dollars' worth of good money to his credit. He then took a rest, for he purchased the great steam yacht, *The North Star*, and took his entire family, consisting of his wife and eleven children, for a trip to Europe. Everywhere Vanderbilt and *The North Star* were received with honors paid to royalty. His eldest son and third child was William H. Vanderbilt. This boy married, at the age of twenty, a Miss Kissam and was relegated to the backwoods of Staten Island, where he remained practically in obscurity until his father put him in charge of the Harlem Railroad.

After his return from Europe, Commodore Vanderbilt began to employ his enormous capital (and it was stupendous for those days) in railroad operations. He was a novice in that realm, because it was not until his sixtieth year that he entered that field of investment. He began buying stock in the Harlem Road. He bought it to hold, not as a speculator. The road had fallen into incompetent hands, had been badly mismanaged, and its stock had been as low as three dollars a share in 1857. It was only six dollars a share in 1859. Eight dollars in 1860. During all of this time Commodore Vanderbilt was quietly absorbing and stowing away in his strong boxes sheaves of Harlem certificates. The remarkable fact about the whole affair (a circumstance which would be impossible in these days) was, that he was never suspected of being a purchaser.

When he owned a controlling interest, he secured from the City Council of New York the privilege of running a street railway down to the Battery, and the disclosure of his interest in the Harlem Road put the stock to 75. A great many people began to sell the stock "short," that is, for future delivery, but Vanderbilt went on buying. He went to the banks and became a large borrower of money. Up went Harlem to 100, 120, 150, 170! There was a panic and a howl of dismay. It was then discovered that the "shorts" could not cover, because the "Commodore" literally held all the floating stock, and had bought as much more than the entire capitalization of the road.

He was inexorable; he made his opponents "settle" at \$179. He then reorganized the Harlem Road. He once stated his theories to be—

"First, buy your railroad; 2d, stop the stealing that existed under the other man; 3d, improve the road in every practicable way within a reasonable expenditure; 4th, consolidate it with any other road that will be to its advantage; 5th, water its stock, and, 6th, make it pay a large dividend."

In 1863 "The Commodore" began to buy Hudson River stock. It had been selling at 25 and was a football in Wall Street. Nobody understood him. Here was a man seventy years old steering around that Barbary coast just as calmly as if he stood in the stern of his old "periaster." He consolidated the two roads in the face of strenuous opposition from the New York Central. The tactics of the Harlem deal were repeated and the skeptics were caught "short" of the stock.

Then came the struggle with Dean Richmond for the control of the Central. Commodore Vanderbilt rose like the genii out the fisherman's box. The Central tried to defeat him by shipping its goods by water. The old man waited until the road froze up and then gave the order: "Take no freight from the New York Central." Trains ceased going to Albany. Western people quit shipping

East by the Central. The fight ended by a complete surrender of the Central directors after they learned that John Jacob Astor, Edward Cunard and many other large stockholders had voluntarily placed their proxies in Vanderbilt's hands.

The great Erie Railroad fight, the capture of Lake Shore, the control of the Northwestern and several thousand miles of road were all escapades of the same dashing character.

During the Civil War Vanderbilt was stanchly loyal, and after the strife had ended he was among the first to found an educational institution in the stricken South. He also gave the Church of the Strangers in New York to the Rev. Dr. Deems.

Full of years, the genial Commodore died on January 4, 1877. William B. Astor had preceded him in 1875, and A. T. Stewart, in 1876. He left the great bulk of his wealth, amounting to ninety million dollars, to Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and of the fifteen million dollars distributed in bequests, one-half went to the four sons of the principal heir, the eldest Cornelius getting the largest share.

William H. Vanderbilt was fifty-six years old when he undertook this great trust. What he lacked of his father's genius and audacity he made up in greater industry and cautiousness. Like his father, he was fond of horses, and owned the fastest trotters in the world. His first act was to settle a railroad strike that involved twelve thousand men.

A contest over his father's will was the next episode. The Canada Southern Railroad was added to "the Vanderbilt system," as it was already called. Next, William H. began the erection on Fifth avenue of his splendid palace and the collection of a gallery of modern paintings. He gave \$100,000 to bring the Egyptian obelisk, now standing in Central Park, to America. He lived only five years after the completion of his brown-stone palace; but he had added the "Nickel Plate," the West Shore, the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis and many smaller roads to "the system." His death occurred at his home, and was due to apoplexy. Much more than a hundred millions were divided between his first and second sons, Cornelius and William Kissam Vanderbilt.

The present generation of the family has added little to its wealth beyond the increase of values common to American investments; but its members have expended vast sums of money in country seats and city dwellings, and have assisted liberally in the endowment of galleries of art. They are a generous, religious, noble-hearted lot of men and women—the Vanderbilts of to-day. Everybody will sympathize with Cornelius Vanderbilt in the loss of his son, and many a tear will be shed in lowly homes for the sake of the millionaire.—(See page 5.)

## AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THE People's party in North Carolina will nominate candidates for Congress, but no Presidential electors.

Tacoma (Wash.) Democrats have discussed Cleveland and Hill, and concluded that they both must withdraw for the good of the party. Being slightly West, they favor a Western candidate. With the New York *Herald* doing the same on the Atlantic Coast Plain, the Western candidate is pretty well held up at the two ends.

On the Lookout Incline Railroad, near Chattanooga, the cable broke at a height of one thousand nine hundred feet. Forty-five passengers who were in the car got out when the brakeman had stopped it. They found the walking delightful.

Spain will let in American pork, though she still admires our E. Bird Grubb and his matchless whiskers.

Ward McAllister says the unobtainable is ever before the American eye. Right you are, Mac, and the obtainable is in the American pocket.

Tri-Millionaire James P. Pierce, of Santa Clara, Cal., became a widower two years ago, at the age of sixty-eight. He has four daughters, who recently discharged their housemaid because their father was paying her marked attentions, from which they feared the worst would follow. The worst did follow, but it followed the discharge. The housemaid now has four grown-up stepdaughters on her hands. Mr. Pierce's three millions have a stormy time awaiting them.

The colored citizens of Chestertown, Md., have decided to boycott the white people who engaged in the recent lynchings there. The white lynchers should retaliate by boycotting the Lynch brand of capital punishment.

The Brazilian ironclad, *Solimoes*, one of the six warships sent against the rebels at Matto Grosso, was sunk in the harbor of Montevideo, with one hundred and five men.

Murderer Deemeing died on the gallows at Melbourne, Australia, protesting his innocence and utterly prostrated.

Theosophy has settled it at last. Death is only a vacation for the spirit. Many of the silent majority ought to be rested by this time.

President Eliot of Harvard asserts that nearly all the countries of Northern Europe give a much better common school education than we give in this country. The assertion has aroused school authorities everywhere, and a vigorous discussion is expected, out of which, let us hope, much good may result to the cause of education.

Governor Flower has signed the bill allowing cities, towns and villages of the Empire State to vote on the question of paying back to the Drafted Men's Associations the three hundred dollars each of their members paid out during the Civil War to secure exemption. The bill has been hanging fire in one shape and another at Albany for several years. The stay-at-home guns acted just so during those "troublous days." The three-hundred-dollar checks and vouchers will be likely to continue the harmless operation, with reference to the Imperial Treasury. New York is a hard-money State.

The daily newspapers have "dressed down" Mr. Rudyard Kipling for vilifying the good people of these

States. But, after all, that is only Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is young and may learn better as he grows older. That absurdly overrated literary pretender injects all his weight into his heavy character-sketches and word-torturing "descriptions"; his utterances on social and moral conditions in this country carry no weight whatever. As the newspapers have advertised him pretty thoroughly, it will be our most sensible course, as a people now, to leave him where he is. His American publishers are probably safe by this time; the "novelist" is, certainly. His proudest distinction, when he joins his set in London and Cairo and Calcutta, will be that he is the youngest living English defamer of the American Republic and of the American people, who treated him cleverly in his capacity as a guest in their homes, and a literary pretender who sold them "fake" stories buried in jumbled fiction.

The steamship *Alaska*, of the Guion Line, and the steamship *Aurania*, of the Cunard Line, raced from Fastnet to Sandy Hook, arriving at dusk on the 22d of May. The former won, in seven days, six hours and forty-seven minutes, twenty-nine minutes faster than the *Aurania*, though the latter, taking a less direct course, averaged 16.8 knots an hour to the *Alaska*'s 16.2. The steamship of the rival transatlantic lines which makes the fastest time for three consecutive trips will secure the contract for carrying the United States mails, worth about three thousand dollars a trip. Hence this race was not run for mere sport. The passengers on board enjoyed, and bet their money on it with much enthusiasm, from start to finish.

King Behanzin is getting tired of trying to drive the French out of Dahomey single-handed, and has called on King Charles of Portugal to help him. If his dusky majesty will take a tip on the quiet, King Charles has all he can attend to if he keeps his own slice of Africa, and he will not interfere with so strong a Power as France.

"Bunco King" O'Brien was within the surveillance of the Havre police a little while. And then, a little while afterward, he was elsewhere. Up to date: We had have-police in Utica, and the "king" found it hardly common amusement to get away; now he has met the Havre police, and they are his. What we need, to do anything with O'B., is the very havest kind of police.

Switzerland has not contributed a bank wreck for some years. She makes up for it now. Herr Schenck, manager of the St. Gall branch of the Federal Bank, has taken all the cash the bank had, amounting to three and one-half million francs. Since the beginning of 1891 the total loss the bank has incurred, including the Schenck steal, is ten million francs.

Francesco Philudu was sent to prison in the Scane District of Sardinia. Now his brother Andrea keeps the entire district in terror. The Philudu must be tough citizens.

Farmer Luther Warrenfelz, plowing last week on his farm at Turner's Gap, near the site of the bloody battle of South Mountain, turned up the skeletons of seven men. Fourteen bullets were found with the bones, some of them imbedded in the skulls. It is thought the remains were of boys who wore the Gray, as no United States buttons were found. In the fair fields ravaged by war brave boys on both sides found often such shallow graves; and their bones must be respected when the plowshare of peace brings them to the light.

Mrs. James Monaghan, an aged lady of Kansas City, has been successful in a suit against the English Government involving seventeen thousand acres of land near Limerick and a sheep ranch near Melbourne, Australia. The property is valued at two million dollars.

Miss Hattie Blaine, youngest daughter of the Secretary of State, is engaged to Mr. Truxton Beale. The prospective bridegroom, as a first-class minister to Persia, has made a very favorable impression on the prospective bride's papa.

The largest cigarette factory in the South has been bought out by the New York trust, and the Summer campaign of calow-youth poisoning will continue at more uniform rates.

Two tramps near Dayton, O., reported a broken rail on the Big Four Railroad, stopped the Southwestern Limited Express, got a purse of one hundred dollars from the passengers and a telegraphic pass to Cincinnati, where they are to be still further rewarded by the officials of the road. All tramps are not as black as some people paint the class. These two will probably get a chance to reform. It is to be hoped the hundred dollars will not strand the boys in the Queen City before the good work is begun.

## FOUNDED TWO DYNASTIES.

THE king and queen of Denmark celebrated their golden wedding, May 26th. His Majesty King Christian IX. was born at the Castle of Glücksborg, in Schleswig, April 8, 1818. Queen Louise, who has certainly proved herself a model match-making mamma, was born on the 7th of September, 1817, at Copenhagen. Christian, at the age of twenty-one, was talked of as the prince consort for Queen Victoria; but, somehow, that was not to be. Three years later Her Royal Highness Louisa Wilhelmina Frederica Caroline Augusta Julia, of Denmark, Princess of Hesse Cassel, and who was the daughter of Landgrave and Prince William of Hesse Cassel, and Her Royal Highness Princess Louisa Charlotte, sister to the late King Christian VIII., and aunt, of course, to the present king of Denmark, became the wife of Christian, who stayed among the nobility for twenty-one years before he became king of Denmark, in 1863.

After the reader figures out the above combination, it must then be noted that the Princess of Wales, Czarina of Russia, King of Greece and Duchess of Cumberland are all children of the king and queen of Denmark. The good people of that little nation are proud of their royal family. They have set the old saw so that it now is: "The hand that rocks the Danish royal cradle will rule most of Europe, or will know the reason why."

## TRIED NOT TO TALK POLITICS.

(Seventh of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.)

WHEN I sent my card to ex-Governor James E. Campbell, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, I was promptly ushered into a splendid parlor, only to find the favorite son of Ohio—and possible Presidential timber—in the midst of a diligent circle of reporters, who were writing down this and that in notebooks, while "the governor," as he is called, was hurling Jove-like thunderbolts of political information.

"What do you think of Cleveland, Governor Campbell?" said the first man.

"I think, gentlemen," etc., etc., etc.

"And do you believe Blaine will withdraw?" pursued the second.

"Mr. Blaine appears to me, my friends," etc., etc., etc., etc.

"And there is Harrison, governor; will he?" murmured the third, hardly waiting for the last answer to leave the victim's throat.

"Ah! yes, Mr. Harrison; gentlemen, he will undoubtedly," etc., etc., etc., etc.

This sort of thing went on for half an hour or more;



THE MOST SURPRISED MAN IN NEW YORK WAS MR. CAMPBELL.

the reporters arose, gravely advanced, shook his hand—and Mr. Campbell for the nonce became again an ordinary American citizen, a privilege which he proceeded to enjoy by settling comfortably down in a chair and crossing his somewhat lengthy legs with unconventional freedom.

The most surprised man in New York, I think, was Mr. Campbell that next moment, when I said to him:

"Mr. Campbell, how large is your family?"

"My family?" he exclaimed, with a start. "Why, man, if you are after an interview, ask me something about politics!"

The gentleman has lived in the political atmosphere so long that it struck him as comical that his notions should be solicited on any subject not connected with parties and party strife.

"Why," he said, "I have been so busy that I have not had time to get my portrait taken, and that, too, when the sitting is free and the giver the State of Ohio. It is, so it appears, utterly impossible for me to get down to Washington for three days to sit to 'Life' Andrews. You know he painted the magnificent portrait of Jefferson now in Washington."

Mr. Campbell sighed, and went on to explain that his picture had been requested by the State to adorn the local Valhalla at Columbus, as a number in the row of ex-governors. He had had many pictures taken, he said; but as a man in active political life, they had all been begged away from him. Meanwhile our artist was "taking" him.

"As a last resource," said Mr. Campbell, rising and pacing the floor, his long arms crossed behind his broad back, "I think I shall send 'Life' Andrews a picture I had taken some years ago in Columbus. Let me show it to you."

The busy politician goes to a corner, opens an old brown trunk and takes out a cabinet picture, carefully wrapped in thick paper, like yellow blotting sheets.

"Jones," he says, addressing a man in the corner, "this is the picture I had taken so-and-so. Remember, Jones?"

Mr. Jones remembers.

"And before I went away, Jones, I showed half a dozen old pictures to Mrs. Campbell; she selected this one; she told me to send this to Washington; if I am never to see Andrews, he must put up with this picture; it ought to suffice, however, for Mrs. Campbell thinks it is the best I ever had; I don't think so; but then, you know, a person never knows how he looks to others."

Mr. Jones thinks that is true. He must be a privileged character, for he jokingly adds something about how in the days of the picture the dignified favorite son of Ohio was of more generous girthband.

The politician acquiesces, with a sigh remarks how the world grows older, sinks once more into his easy chair, to add, in a moment:

"But you spoke, sir, of my house in Hamilton, Ohio."

"It was recently written up at great length."

"It was. And a funny thing happened in connection with the story. The man from New York came down,

spent a day or two, looked over my house, noted the cost and value of the fittings, and when about to depart said to me: 'Oh, by the way, I want all the family portraits for my article.' 'Well,' I said, hesitatingly, 'just excuse me a moment, till I see Mrs. Campbell.' What do you think she said to me?"

"I cannot imagine."

"She looked at me gravely a moment or two," pursued Mr. Campbell, clasping his hands behind his head in a restful way, "and said: 'So he wants all the family, eh? Well, then, give him your picture at once; and add your son's, if you choose, for I suppose he's a man and thinks there is nothing like politics. But as for me and the girls, just excuse us!' I am afraid from this that Mrs. Campbell's notions of politics are not up to date."

Mr. Jones thinks this is a good one, but does not say definitely upon whom the joke falls.

When a man is talking with a politician, and desires to abjure politics, it is necessary for him to seize at the smallest straw. Mr. Campbell is unusually fond of his son—a tall, manly fellow. The young man is at college somewhere. On this occasion he was with his father, apparently absorbed in a comic weekly, in the corner of the room.

"How black his hair is!" says Mr. Campbell, with a glow of fatherly pride. Mr. Campbell, Jr., pays no heed. His sire repeats the remark, and he looks up and says:

"Blacker all the time, too."

"How is your cold?" asks the senior member, with a show of alarm, and for the moment, at least, leaving politics far behind.

"Oh, it's better."

"Miss any recitations?"

"Nary one, father," repeats the six-feet-and-one-half-inch college lad, with a suspicious-looking grimace.

This was about as far as Mr. Campbell ever wandered from politics.

Politics, politics, politics.

Since there was no getting away from "the shop," I ventured:

"What, Mr. Campbell, is the most discouraging feature of politics—that is, aside from defeat at the polls?"

His interest in colds and recitations was gone.

"Well," he remarked, thoughtfully, and very readily, too, as though he had been over the ground before, "to my mind, the most discouraging feature is the utter impossibility of securing places for all your constituents."

"They all want places, eh?"

"They do, indeed. And, I daresay, many a man has gone to an untimely grave trying to solve this problem. Everybody who in the remotest fashion assisted in your election is after a position. Of course, no matter how wide your patronage may be, there is never enough to go around. It is, I believe, one of the most dispiriting circumstances connected with latter-day politics."

Mr. Jones became thoughtful over there in the corner. Possibly he was an office-seeker.

"If there were only enough places to go around," pursued Mr. Campbell, "I do believe the game of politics would lose some of its exciting elements. But then, you know, people who put you in office never think of these things. Isn't that so, Jones?"

"It is the first thing one hears, Mr. Campbell."

"No doubt of it. There is no escape. Americans have it born in the flesh and bred in the bone. Isn't that so, Jones?"

"It is the last thing one hears, governor."

Mr. Campbell nods approvingly toward his oracle. The interview goes lame again. No doubt Jones is thinking:

"What is the clown after, anyway?"

No doubt the ex-governor is thinking:

"Why doesn't he ask me a straight question of politics?"



THE MOST DISCOURAGING FEATURE IS THE LACK OF PLACES FOR FRIENDS.

And beyond a doubt the visitor is ruminating:

"What on earth do the ONCE A WEEK's readers out in Denver, or Lower California, or Texas care about conventions, patronage and pay to go round?"

The interview must be, readers, political or nothing, which resolution is no more than made when the door opens again, and in walks the waiter with several cards.

The readers of ONCE A WEEK are to be saved in miraculous sort.

"Send them in," says ex-Governor Campbell, smiling at Jones, who seems to understand, as though by some species of telepathy.

Half a dozen young men enter and take seats in a circle about Mr. Campbell. The latter is radiant and expectant.

"What, governor," says the first man, "what do you think of Cleveland?"

"I think, gentlemen," responds the politician, solemnly, "I think that Mr. Cleveland," etc., etc., etc.

"And what, governor," breaks in the second, making a hasty note in a book, "what do you say, sir, of Mr. Blaine's prospective withdrawal?"

"I think, my friends, that Mr. Blaine," etc., etc., etc., etc.

"And there is Harrison, governor; will he—?"

And as I hastily made my escape, the saying of the mysterious Mr. Jones comes back to me, like a prophecy, and I know now how true is his expression:

"It is the first and last thing one hears, sir."

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.



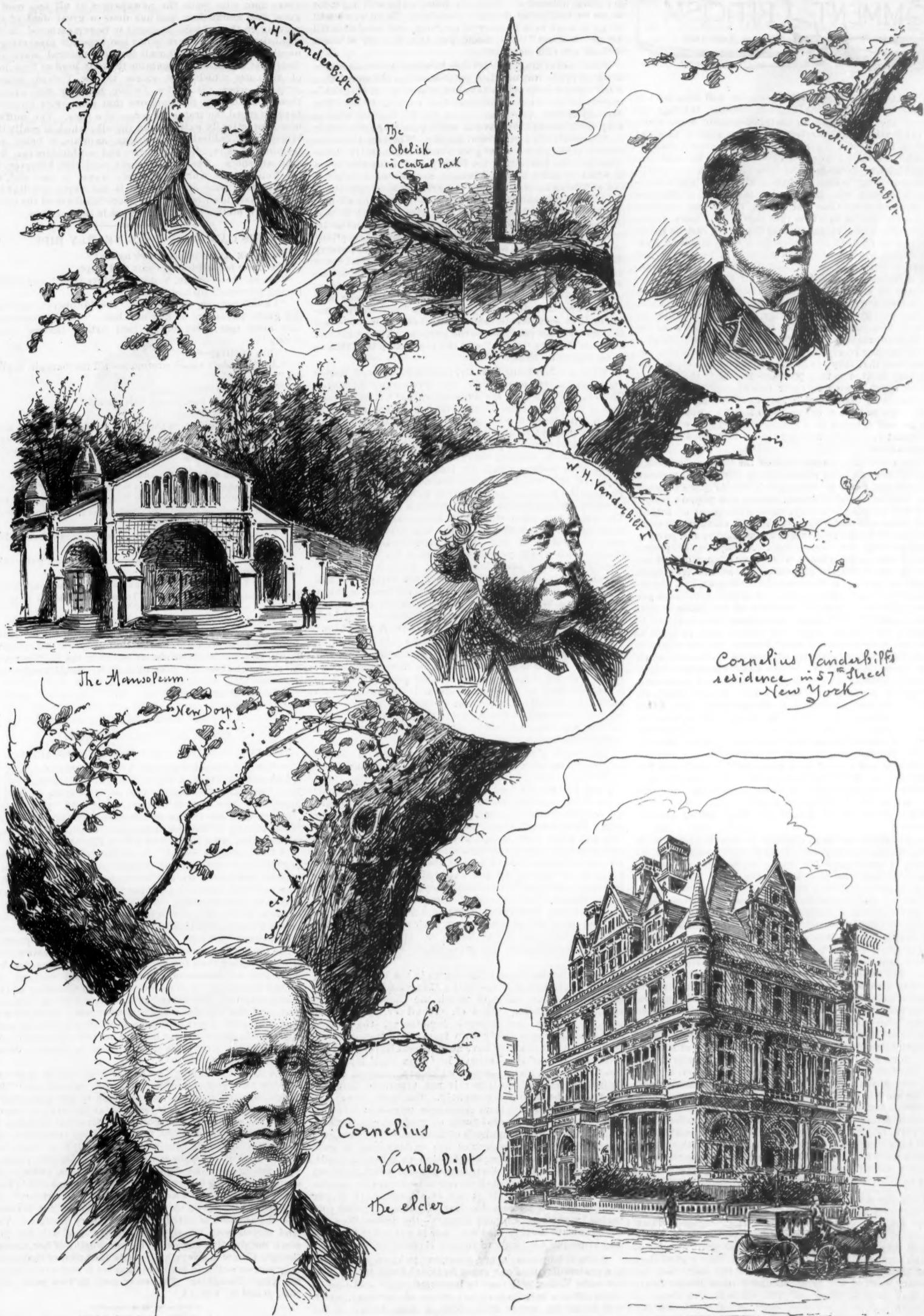
JUDGE JOHN M. HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, who has just been appointed one of the arbitrators of the Behring Sea dispute, is a tall, broad-shouldered man of typical judicial bearing. He has bald, high forehead, a resolute, classically-chiseled face, severely smooth-shaven, and a penetrating gaze that would quell a riot. Profoundly concentrated in manner, he is rising nine-and-fifty and hails from Iowa, having been elevated to the Supreme Court in 1877 by President Hayes. Seated on the Bench on the left hand of the chief justice, he is a very striking figure. He takes few notes during the hearing of an argument, but there is scarcely a point that escapes him. He gets at the root of a case while other men skim its first section, and the intricate accounts in a big commercial case are a delightful exercise to his well-trained mind. He is a Republican. Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, the other arbitrator, is a Democrat. He is a tall-built, ruddy-faced old gentleman, with curly, white hair and a sparse mustache, and is rising eight-and-sixty. He was born in Tennessee, but emigrated with his family to Alabama when nine years of age, and has since resided there. He was admitted to the Bar in 1845, and practiced law until elected to the Senate. He has long played a prominent part in public affairs. He was a Presidential elector in 1860 for the State of Alabama and voted for Breckinridge and Lane, and was a delegate in the following year from Dallas County to the State convention which passed the ordinance of secession. In 1862 he was commissioned as colonel and raised the Fifty-first Alabama Regiment; was appointed brigadier-general in 1863 and assigned to a brigade in Virginia, but resigned to rejoin his regiment, whose colonel had been killed in battle. Later in the same year he was again appointed brigadier-general and assigned to an Alabama brigade. After the war he resumed the practice of the law where he had left off. In 1876 he was chosen a Presidential elector for the State-at-large, and voted for Tilden and Hendricks. In the same year he was elected to the United States Senate and has been twice re-elected. As a debater he is somewhat dry and inclined to prosiness, but he often hits a nail very hard on the head, and is a prominent member of six important committees.

PROFESSOR JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, the new president of Cornell University, is only nine-and-thirty. He is a tall, spare-built man of striking appearance, with a strong, clean-shaven face and curling dark hair, and is possessed of a large measure of what, for lack of a better name, is called "magnetism." He is a Nova Scotian by birth, and his career is of his own making. Being early left entirely dependent upon himself, he became a clerk in a general store, at thirteen; but soon got a Government scholarship and won sufficient prizes in Prince of Wales' College and Acadia College to continue his studies in London and Edinburgh. In England and Scotland he studied under Martineau, Jevons and Henry Morley. He won the Hume Scholarship at Edinburgh, and, later, the Hibbert Scholarship, worth one thousand dollars a year, over seventy other competitors. He then went to Heidelberg and Göttingen, where he reaped more honors. In 1873 he became an author, as one of the many interpreters of Kant, and, in 1880, became professor of literature and logic at Acadia College, going from there to Dalhousie College. In 1886 he went to Cornell, where he has been head of the Sage School of Philosophy for the last six years, and his executive ability has made this department such that students with doctor's degrees from German universities now go there to complete their studies and carry on further researches. He is gaining quite a reputation as a philosophical writer, and, being also an orator as well as a scholar of the first rank, possesses in an admirable degree the qualifications for president of so young and vigorous a university.

NO GOODS "AS IS."

CLARKLETS—"I came, sir, to—to ask for your daughter's hand."

JOLLYBOY (his employer)—"Sorry, my boy, you know the rules of the house; she has two, and we never break a pair."



FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE VANDERBILT FAMILY.

(See page 2.)



A WELL-KNOWN New York journalist and essayist has recently been giving our English cousins, through the pages of the *Nineteenth Century Magazine*, some startling yet truthful information about the growth of great fortunes in the United States and the social changes which have resulted therefrom. Wealth has brought luxury and leisure—to woman, at least—and with the intelligence and energy which abound in all classes in this country rich women who have social tastes and aspirations have devoted much time and money to the improvement of the social circles in which they move. No more elaborate banquets and elegant entertainments can be given by any crowned head in Europe than are common in New York among the wealthy class which is in "society," nor is there any feeling or influence to prevent the enlargement of the circle which is laughed at by thousands who are eager to enter it. Decent birth, good-breeding and good morals are necessary qualifications; and if there also is necessary a great deal of money, it is only because the aspirants who possess the other requisites named would be very uncomfortable in any set in which they could not give as good as they received. Many are called, but few are chosen—not that they are lacking in social graces, but because they decline to take positions in which they cannot spend as much money as their neighbors. It cannot be said, therefore, that our rich society is exclusive; it does not turn up its nose at anyone who is fully prepared to become part of it, but it does intimate that those who enter it without full pockets must of their own accord feel very uncomfortable.

In the meantime, no one outside the "Four Hundred," or the richest and most refined set in any other American city, need feel "out of society." There is quite as much and as refined social diversion among the poorest people who have very little money, yet a great deal of intelligence, taste and tact. Refinement and culture are quite as frequently found in cottages as in palaces, and poverty cannot prevent their expression. A lady, in the proper sense of that much-abused word, may offer a cup of tea and a biscuit with quite as much grace as a society queen displays in giving a thousand-dollar dinner, and the recipient, if of the stuff of which ladies and gentlemen are made, will not for a moment think of the probable cost of the courtesy. The American woman who neglects to entertain her friends, and think herself quite as good as any noted society dame, merely because she is too poor to give dinners, dances and other diversions such as she reads of in the society columns of the newspapers, has begun life under mistaken ideas of social duties and exactions, and should go back and begin right. Morals, manners, intelligence, taste, refinement, adaptiveness, tact, quick wits and sympathies, discernment and knowledge of human nature, are the qualities which make a queen of society, or one of the queen's court, and it would be hard to find a village in the United States which does not contain at least one woman who possesses them all, and displays them on fitting occasion, even if her "best room" hasn't seen a new carpet in twenty years and her best table service is the cheapest earthenware. No woman need envy the "Four Hundred" while acting out her better self.

That bicycle run from Chicago to New York ought to be worth some millions of dollars to the United States, by starting a movement for better roads. Of course, the wheelmen took the best roads they could find—and no farmer is the equal of a bicyclist in knowing where the best bits of road are; neither is the young man who takes his girl out for a drive. Yet almost all of the way, through a thickly-settled country in which most of the local transportation is managed by use of horses and wagons, the roads were so muddy that the best wheelmen who could be selected joined in lengthening the time agreed upon. The explanation is made that the trip was concurrent with a week of rain, but what are roads for if not to make farmers and tradesmen superior to the old-time conditions under which all moving of property was conducted by men, who picked their way over the best footing they could find? There are hundreds of thousands of miles of our agricultural districts in which business is at standstill after each long rain, Spring thaw or Winter freeze. Not less than a million farmers can recall times, some of them not a year distant, when they wanted money and had the stuff in the barn or granary to get it with and the horses to draw it to the nearest market, yet they had to remain at home and suck their thumbs and anathematize their luck, for the roads were so bad that no team of horses could have dragged a quarter-load, and even with that the chances were that breaks of harness or wagon, or damage to horses, would have made the job cost more than it would come to.

While this was the case, a majority of these farmers had on their own estates a lot of trees, which were worthless except for fuel, or ledges of stone, from either of which they could have made roads quite as good as many which large cities are obliged to think good enough. The farmers had plenty of time, too—time which they wished they might transfer to some other portion of the year, when the necessary work of the farm occupied them longer hours than they liked to think of. The whole trouble comes of American independence—the spirit of "Every fellow for himself, even if none of us get anything out of it." To such of these men as are fortunate enough to read ONCE A WEEK I beg to commend, as an example worthy of imitation, the resolutions passed by a convention of California farmers who wanted an irrigating ditch. They were as

follows: "First, we need an irrigating ditch, and can't get along without it. Secondly, nobody else will dig it for us, so we had better do it for ourselves. Thirdly, we will all go to work at it to-morrow morning, and keep at it till we get it done." The ditch was dug, and all of those farmers are rich men now.

Some recent tragedies abroad, in which Americans were involved in one way or other, point anew the old moral, that it isn't well for anyone to have lots of money—or hospitable friends in the same condition—and nothing to do. The decency of rich American men is due to the fact that to keep their money they have to work quite as hard as their clerks—generally a great deal harder. When an American woman of the poorer class goes wrong, it generally transpires that she has longed for luxury, had many idle hours in which to think of it and became acquainted with someone as idle as herself. There is a great deal of talk about the vices of the poor, but the truth, as learned by all philanthropists who work among the class named, is that the poor, in proportion to their numbers, are quite as decent as the rich, and that many of the apparent exceptions to the rule are those who have suddenly come to poverty through their vices. The police reports and criminal court proceedings contain few names of men and women who work with their hands for little money; the offenders come from the extremes of society—from the men and women who are so impatient "to see life" and enjoy themselves that they devote their entire time and money—and frequently other peoples'—to the purpose. The moral line between the lazy "swell" and the low tramp is so thin as to be almost invisible.

What a hubbub the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, a noted pastor and missionary worker in the Protestant Episcopal Church, has raised by his suggestion that Christian men should take an interest in establishing decent saloons in which workingmen who persist in drinking something stronger than water once in awhile might take a mug of ale, a glass of wine or a pipe when they feel so disposed. The idea is quite in keeping, however, with the tenets of the temperance society which Dr. Rainsford's denomination supports, and which does not demand total abstinence. Perhaps the reverend gentleman is in the frame of mind in which a young Methodist minister once found his bishop. The bishop was advocating high license as a restraining influence, and the young man, who was a total abstainer, asked: "Bishop, if you saw a rattlesnake out in the street, which would you do—kill him or let him live and merely to try to keep him within smaller bounds?" "Well, my dear young friend," was the reply, "if I had been chasing that snake up and down the road for thirty years, trying to kill him, but never succeeding because a number of people insisted on keeping him alive, I'd think myself very lucky if I could put any restraint upon him."

Speaking of snakes, what a peculiar job our darling customs laws put upon one of the revenue officers a few days ago. It was the inspection of a lot of boa-constrictors which a showman had brought into the port. There is no infant industry in boa-constrictors in this country, which anyone has heard of, that needs protection, but the powers that be thought differently and the job had to be done. Let us hope that the officer detailed for the duty was a temperance man.

The North American Indian is improving, in spite of acquaintance with Indian agents, rum-sellers and other hard characters with white faces. When the Cœur d'Eléne Indians received the money for their ceded lands a few days ago, they made it fly in a manner to delight all traders in the vicinity, but very little of it went for rum. They bought horses and buggies, overcoats, plug-hats and many other things which might well have been exchanged for plows and seed-wheat; but it is a matter of record that most of them bought also a lot of comfortable clothing for their wives and children. When the Indian learns that his family needs something besides food, he is on the straight road toward civilization. It wasn't until our European forefathers brought home something beside weapons and prisoners from their raids into enemies' countries that the world began to prepare itself for civilized government, the tax-collector and the savings-bank.

A new Chinese crusade has begun in the United States, and all of the bad qualities of the Mongolian immigrants, as well as a great many of which the Chinese are innocent, are again being talked of. Whatever may or may not be true in the general indictment, the people of this country may safely drop from their memories all of the awful stories they have heard about leprosy and the contagiousness of the disease. In China itself leprosy is less feared than many diseases which are common in the United States, and the leper is not separated from his kind until he becomes unsightly. The most recent authority on the subject is an American physician who has just returned from several years of professional work in China, among many hundreds of thousands of natives over whom American missionaries are endeavoring to gain religious influence through attention to material needs. He says that, although there is no general effort to stamp out leprosy, which still is believed to be incurable, the disease is not increasing. It is not at all necessary in our country to cross a street for fear of getting leprosy contagion by passing a Chinese laundry—the disease does not communicate itself in that way, nor in any other to which decent people are likely to subject themselves.

It ought to please every American to know that there is a probability that our great National Park in the Yellowstone Valley will soon be increased by an addition of about fifteen hundred square miles of territory, which will make the entire area about as large as that of the State of Connecticut. No matter how poor an enterprising American may be, he has the right to hope that in the course of time he will be well enough off to take his family traveling and see something of his own country before he looks into other lands, and the wonders and glories

of the Yellowstone have been so much written about that every man who reads the newspapers at all has read a great deal about them and has done a great deal of imagining on the subject. It ought to be remembered, in the meantime, that this park is our last hope for preserving a number of our native animals in their natural state and their best condition. It contains the only herd of buffaloes of any size which now exists in the United States, although when the Union Pacific Railway was opened these animals were so numerous that sometimes immense herds stopped the trains for hours at a time. The buffalo now is practically extinct, and the elk, which is really the largest and noblest of American animals, is being exterminated as rapidly as tourists and pot-hunters can fire accurate shots. There is a great deal else, however, in the Yellowstone which everybody wants to see; and, as land in that part of the world is not worth a dollar an acre, nobody need be troubled about his share of the costs of the new addition as it will figure in the tax lists.

#### HIS CANADIAN TOUR NEARLY RIPE.

"GEORGE ARMSTRONG, never again!"

She flung herself into a chair and wept.

"There, there, Susan, you know I love you!" he gasped, pacing nervously up and down.

"I know nothing of the sort," she blubbered, untying the green streamers of her new hat. "On the contrary, like most men, you are a real brute, George Armstrong."

"But, darling—"

"As if I hadn't raced around to all the bargain counters."

"You have indeed, Susan."

"As if I didn't buy cheap, dirt cheap."

"You did that, Susan."

"And then to-day, when I put on my best, my new shoes, and new hat, and new gloves, and new dress, and new wrap, and new parasol, what do you do, you brute, George Armstrong?"

"I am at an utter loss, dearest."

"I am ashamed to be seen with you on the avenue. You wear your old clothes, and look like a tramp who has slept in a freight-car for three weeks. Is that right, George Armstrong, eh?"

"I couldn't help it, Susan," he said, his eyes brimming with tears.

"Yes, you could, George Armstrong; don't ever talk like that to me!"

"I say I could not help it, Susan. See these tear-drops. They come from the heart. To-morrow I shall skip to Canada."

"Why?"

"Under cover of night I shall jump the town. Hundreds of husbands are bound that way at this season. There, on some far-down desert island in the St. Lawrence River, my clothes will pass unnoticed. Shall I say why, in a word?"

"George Armstrong!"

"I'm busted."

#### ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY.

##### NEW FICTION TO COME FROM DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

"Anie," a French romance by Hector Malot, specially translated for ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY by Mr. E. P. Robbins, of Brooklyn, belongs to the superior class of French literature. The plot turns upon a lost will. The character paintings are not mere sketches, but singularly profound studies of human character. It will be published in two parts, with Nos. 7 and 8, Vol. IX.

"The Crystal's Secret," by J. H. Connelly, is a thoroughly American story of skillful plot. The writer is a veteran journalist, trained to the use of words for a purpose and with clear-cut meaning back of each one of them. It is to be regretted that even very fair story-writers are so careless in the use of words; but in Mr. Connelly's sentences we find ourselves listening to a story-teller who has the literary vocation. Aside from its superior diction, "The Crystal's Secret" is true to life. The effects are restrained rather than forced. The glow of a genuine humor, and an occasional flash of real wit without the forked tongue, serve to relieve the tragic coloring of two Mafia murders, the arrest and suffering of an innocent man and the skillful work of a newspaper detective who first causes the arrest of the innocent man aforesaid, making amends afterward by helping to prove his innocence. This superior story will be published in ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY, Vol. IX., No. 9.

"A King's Daughter," by G. Cardella, has for hero and heroine two young people who pass through real, live difficulties and dangers, and triumph in the end, after a severe struggle. As this is real life, as the story is charmingly told and as the author takes frequent occasion to lay bare the true and the false in all his characters, the reader involuntarily concludes at last: "Now, really all this is true. This story is worth reading." Jim Trethyl, upon whom rests the shadow of an ancestral curse in the shape of a vicious father and an unhappy home life in boyhood, meets Georgie Carew, the "King's Daughter." He is irresistibly drawn toward higher hopes for himself, and the shadow is lifted. Does he marry Georgie? Yes. And if you read this charming story, you will say that when the wedding-day came, he was worthy of her, though Georgie Carew is a very high-grade specimen of that noble lady now so well and favorably known in our own country, the King's Daughter. This story goes in two parts, with Nos. 10 and 11, Vol. IX.

#### A NEW AIM IN LIFE.

DUSTY RHODES—"I wish you would gimme a quarter, boss."

WILLIAM JAY—"What do you want it for—rum?"

DUSTY RHODES—"No; a cut-rate ticket to Dwight."

## ONCE A WEEK.

## AMERICAN WOMEN COMPOSERS.

"WOMEN cannot compose: they have not the creative faculty."

"They have the creative faculty, and are sufficiently emotional, but lack the power of consecutive thought-of logic—to carry out their sentiments."

Moved to curiosity by these conflicting sentiments in regard to so interesting a subject, I plunged into a search for women composers, in the hope of gaining through them confirmation or denial of the above assertions.

The proportion of women engaged in musical composition is small. The amount of encouragement given to musical composers is not at all in keeping with the furore made over littérateurs, painters, explorers or even piano-players. The few ladies so engaged in New York make



MRS. EMMA MARCY RAYMOND.

up for lack of numbers and recognition by their zeal, steadiness, ambition and instinctive force.

At 396 Fifth avenue, two doors from the home of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in the midst of ease, luxury and refined taste, lives Mrs. Emma Marcy Raymond. Her dainty boudoir is a bower of musical suggestion. Her desks are covered with manuscripts, and everywhere are seen music-stands with printed pages of her own conceiving. There, also, are tables with books on the theory and practice of the divine art. All through childhood she was constantly forming such accompaniments to her own little melodies as she was able. At ten, she set her first piece to music. It was poetry from a school-reader representing the death of a pet bird that found setting in a pathetic, wailing song, correct in harmony and dramatic action. Later, her European music-master, amazed to discover a rare creative genius in his pupil, crystallized matters for its exercise. Orchestration and harmony were thoroughly studied, and now Mrs. Raymond makes as much a business of her musical writing as Mrs. Cruger or Mrs. Burton Harrison do of literature. Among her compositions are several dedicated to and sung by Mme. Patti. Of her

"Manhattan Beach Polka," "The Straight Tip Waltz" and "Toboggan Galop," which have been played with success by Gilmore and Cappa. Her gavottes are irresistible.

On West Washington Square, New York, in a bijou-box of an apartment-house, resides Mrs. Charles G. Wood, whose ballads are among the most popular produced in this country. Mrs. Wood is a slender, blonde woman, with blue eyes, a refined expression and a voice of great musical variety that voices an educated and artistic intelligence. A happy wife, beyond the necessity of self-support, musical writing is a part of her existence. Commencing to write seriously about six years ago, she now makes a specialty of the work, producing constantly charming things of which any masculine mind might be proud. Her head is constantly filled with airs and harmonies needing only the precipitating force of some strong emotion or line of poetry to produce a song. She finds it necessary to live in congenial surroundings to do her best work—not necessarily tranquil, save for the mechanical arrangement of her ideas. Her work-room is a distinctly musical one.

She cannot tell what it is in poetry that inspires song. Neither merit nor sentiment have the power. Many a poem that is inspiring is not at all lyrical, while one far inferior fairly sings itself into form. She wishes poems to be impersonal—to sing of love, not the lover; does not like poems addressed to sex, compelling a man to sing to Edward or a woman to Cynthia, and prefers suggestion to description.

"Ashes of Roses," made popular through the singing of Mrs. Tyler Dutton, is the best known of her songs. "Autumn," "Thou," "When," "Wild Rose" and "Clover Blossoms" are popular ballads. Her first song was set to the words of a poem by George Eliot. The words of "When" were sent to her by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Dance-music is to her impossible, the restrictions of rhythm (in which Mrs. Raymond delights) being distasteful to her. She enjoys arranging obligate passages for her songs, feeling the restriction of a two-octave voice. She depends entirely upon mood for inspiration, but makes many drafts of the original composition.

Mrs. Wood regards ridicule as the most retarding in-

position, ordered by the original Shakespeare Club of this city, representing the expulsion of King Lear from home by his wicked daughters, bears more of a scientific than an inspirational color. As she expresses it: "I could more easily have whipped the daughters, for of all crimes I hold



MISS LOTTA LINTHICUM.

unflinching conduct to be the worst!" "Drifting Apart" is a favorite number by Mrs. Baker, and she has written several clever topical songs. An operatic curtain-raiser, a brilliant phantasy, some songs without words and several dance gems are further representatives of her creative gift.

Miss Fannie M. Spencer's "O Lord, Rebuke Me Not," an excellent anthem arranged from the Sixth Psalm, has frequently been sung in Grace Church from manuscript, and her songs have been well received by the Manuscript Society. "Awake My Love From Slumber," a piquante Spanish serenade, "I Love Thee, I Cannot Help, My Love," "The Daisy," a "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimitis," and an Easter March indicate masterly mentality. With the solid foundation of fugue, counterpoint and harmony studies, and her undoubted gift, a brilliant future is before her if her health bears the strain of being organist, student, composer, conductor, concert-player and professional accompanist. She writes rapidly, but revises with great care. When an inspirational thought comes, however faint the call, she breaks away from more practical things and makes note of it, feeling the loss of an idea a crime. Mrs. Wood, in her talk, expressed the same thought.

Selection of musical form is to her the most difficult feature of composition. That once settled, all else is easy. Harmony calls for the most difficult class of consecutive mental activity, but she sees no reason why women may not compose. "Many of the masculine compositions are stupid enough. Emotional women must express in some way, and the musically emotional woman has nowhere to turn save to writing."

New Yorkers are already familiar with the name of "Josephine Gro," whose "Grasshopper Dance" in "La Cigale," "Prodigal Son" in the "Cadi," "Butterfly Dance," "Pittsburg March," "Hazel Schottische" and "Imagination" are household delights. Mrs. E. C. Grow, whose pretty home on Eighty-first street and interesting family indicate a freedom from necessity for toil in any direction, is spoken of by the publishers as the best writer of dance-music in New York. She is thoroughly in earnest about her work. Her aim is to compose music that shall be at once popular and playable, as well as correct and full of rich harmony. Mrs. Grow is bound up in her musical writing, for which she would at any time give up a tea or a dinner-party. Although an excellent artist, palette and brush have been dropped for pencil and harmony book. Of English descent, Mrs. Grow is pretty as one of her own studies in pink and white, with Happiness for "atmosphere." Her conversation is full of originality and character.

Miss Ida Benedict has distinguished herself in the dramatic and musical fields together by her compositions for theatrical orchestra. Her "Senator Waltz" was played through the entire season by the orchestra at the Star Theater. "The American Minister Waltz," ordered as a result of the success of the play of that name, is pronounced of superior merit. Her "Stuart Caprice," dedicated to Miss "Woody" Stuart, is a great favorite. Her last is "Sambo's Wedding-day Schottische."

Miss Lotta Linthicum, of Fifty-sixth street, extemporizes cleverly and has a thorough Parisian training in harmony. She is now fully entered upon her career as a composer. In face, she is really beautiful, as her portrait from a recent Parisian photograph will show.

Laura Sedgewick Collins, our great home favorite; Miss Emma R. Steiner, daughter of Commander R. Steiner, of Baltimore, but now living in New York, and who has the unique prominence of being the first operatic conductor in the States; Mrs. Black; Mrs. McFarlane, now of Boston; Mrs. C. R. Flint, born Kate Simmonds, writer of "The Racquet Gallop," now in Rochester; Miss Hattie von Buskirk, a writer of classical instrumental music; Miss Eleanor Burby, of Brooklyn; Miss Bella Ames and Mrs. Dore Lyon help to swell the list of women who compose in New York.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

most popular pieces are a charming Spanish "Bolero" in E flat; an "Ave Maria" in F; "O Salutaris," dedicated to Mr. Joseph Lynde; "Had I My Wish," dedicated to Miss Jennie Dutton. Among her lighter writings are the



MRS. E. C. GROW.

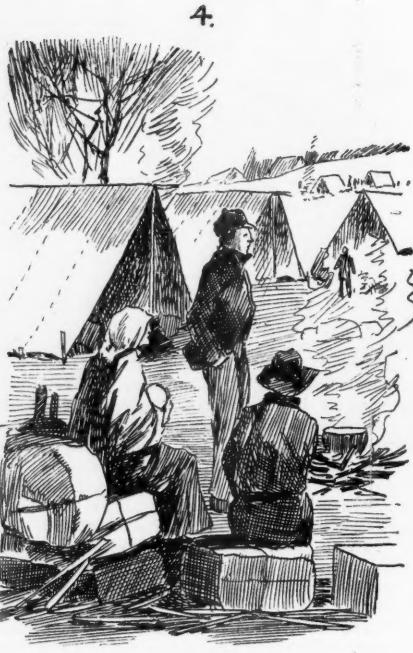
fluence upon feminine talent, and says we shall never be able to see what a woman can do till she is free from this thrall. Flattery she also holds to be a source of woman's inefficiency. Few women and no men speak the truth to her. The social success expected of a gifted woman is another retarding cause—a pain if it does not come, a penalty if it does. The friction is eternal between Art and Fashion for woman as between Art and Commerce for men.

Miss Kate Chittenden is a serious, steadfast, conscientious young musician with a womanly face, the voice of a child and the heart of a great musician. She devotes her powers to the training of music-teachers, sacrificing her art of composition to the direction of harmony in others, and in arranging the best educational principles of music for the comprehension of the young. She believes all harmony to be perfectly simple, that it is teachers who have made it seem complex. She declares that the smallest children may be taught its fundamental principles and no piano-playing should be taught without it. She has been extremely interested in watching the development of character in women through the study of harmony and composition. They learn control of the emotions, sincerity, consecutiveness, neatness, exactness, and develop powers of mental endurance and logic denied them in the public mind. Much of man's vaunted logic she asserts is a matter of circumstance and training.

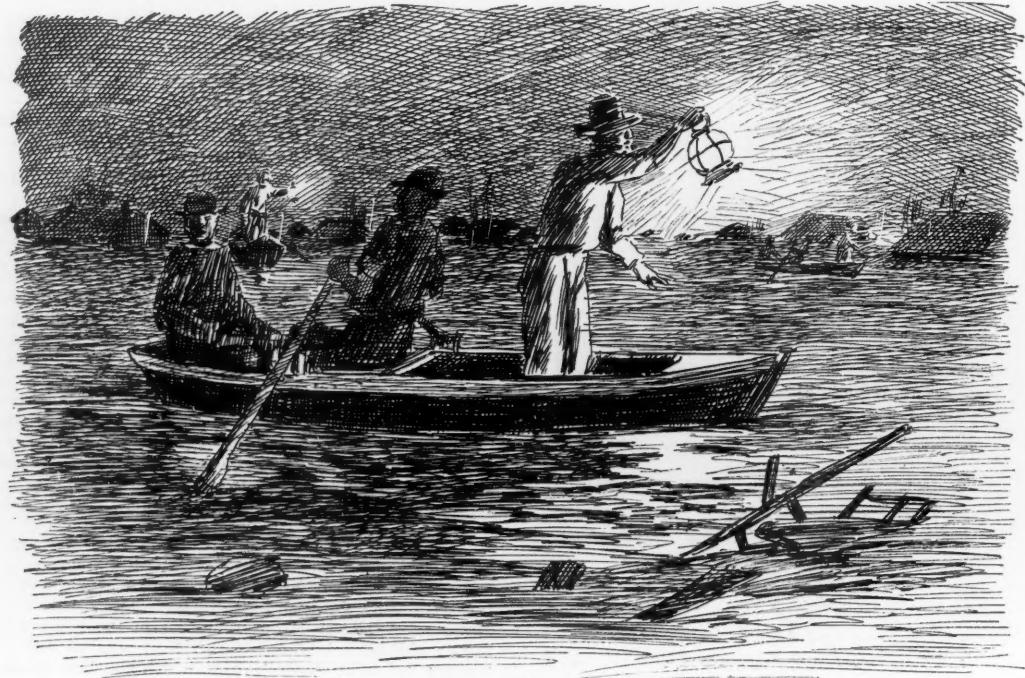
In a pretty cherry and lilac-tree-embowered home on Staten Island lives a composer of growth and worth, with a handsome husband and five beautiful children to interfere with the subtleties of the imagination. She is Mrs. Margaret Appleton Baker, daughter of the conservative family of Boston Appletons. Her first musical endeavor was the "Now or Never" waltz, which had lain dormant some time in her head before being heard by her teacher, who insisted upon its publication about five years ago. Her overture, "Inspiration," which she was two years in writing, has often been played in public. A worthy com-



3.



6.



## SCENES AMID THE WESTERN RIVER FLOODS.

1—Forgotten and Hopeless

2—Rescuing the Dwellers in the Flooded District. 3—Bursting of Levee during the Night. the Mississippi, living in Tents.

4—Homeless Families along

5—Finding a Body. 6—Looking for Missing Neighbors.

JUNE 7, 1892.]

ONCE A WEEK.

9

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.





## GETTING READY FOR THE SUBURBAN.

DECLARATIONS are coming in for the Suburban Handicap, and before the Morris Park meeting is over the number of probable starters in the big race at Sheepshead Bay, on June 18th, will not be so much a matter of guesswork as it is at this writing. Thus far Ambulance, L'Intriguante, Tristan and Teuton have been declared out, which still leaves fifty-three eligible candidates. Judge Morrow, with his six-pound penalty for winning the Brooklyn, will hardly face the flag. One hundred and twenty-six pounds is more than he can comfortably handle, and though he beat Pessara a head with one hundred and sixteen pounds, it is dollars to china alleys that he will not repeat the performance at Sheepshead. Pessara has one hundred and sixteen pounds in the Suburban, which is only one pound more than he carried in the Brooklyn, and, with Taral up, he holds the Gravesend hero safe. He is doing well and his people are not backward in stating that he will be in the first three. At 25 to 1, before the Brooklyn was run his price has been cut to 8 to 1, and not a few ante-post bettors are taking these short odds.

Montana, the property of Marcus Daly, the "copper king," is another favorite for the big handicap, all the Winter books being marked "full," which means that no more money will be accepted about him before the day of the race. He is also a four-year-old, will have one hundred and fifteen pounds up and is a good class colt. Foxhall Keene and his friends are sweet on Tournament, five years old, with one hundred and twelve pounds; the Morrises (père et fils) of Westchester think Russell will be a hard horse to beat, and the bookmaking division of horse-owners are still backing His Highness at the ridiculously short price of 8 to 1. It is bound to be a great race, as the horses will be keyed up to concert pitch by the middle of June.

Despite the stories telling of fabulous sums won by the owner of Judge Morrow over the Brooklyn Handicap, I am in a position to state that Green Morris did not win a dollar outside his share of the stakes, which amounted to eighteen thousand dollars. That he did not think he could win with Judge Morrow is shown by the following characteristic correspondence between himself and the leading Western turfman, Edward Corrigan, of Chicago. It was the morning of the race, and Corrigan had wired Morris asking him about Judge Morrow. "Telegraph him, Mac," said Green to his right-hand man, "that the 'Jedge' hoss is a better hoss than the Riley hoss. He'll know then that the hoss is a racehorse."

"Will I say anything about yourself?" asked McCullough.

"You may," answered Green, with his sweetest smile. "If Corrigan has to pay for the dispatch say that I'm all right, except for a little rheumatics off and on, but that I expect to cool out the winner of the handicap if the Longstreet hoss gets disqualified for going the wrong course." Even after the horses had gone half a mile Morris thought Longstreet would win, with Raceland second and the Judge third.

Yorkville Belle bids fair to be as great a three-year-old as she was a two-year-old. In the Gazelle Stakes at Gravesend she started a 1 to 6 favorite and simply played with her field, running the mile and a furlong, hard held, through deep mud, in 2:04.

Fairview, who set such a cracking pace for over five-eighths of a mile in the Brooklyn Handicap, broke down in the Maternity Handicap. His people had hoped to win a big pot of money over him this Spring, but "there's many a slip," etc.

Longstreet had his revenge on Judge Morrow in the St. James Hotel Stakes. The Brooklyn Handicap winner, Raceland and the Dwyer crack took up the same weight, one hundred and twenty-six pounds, and as the track was heavy the talent thought the battle would be between the Judge and "Old Bones." Longstreet's aversion for mud caused the bookmakers to lay 3 to 1 against that horse, but after "Mike" Dwyer had got on about four or five thousand dollars the price was cut to 8 to 5. Of course, Judge Morrow was always a hot favorite at 6 to 5, even though Major Covington was carrying nearly thirty pounds of lead to make the weights. Raceland set a cracking pace for half a mile, when the favorite went to the front and Longstreet took second place, a length away. At a mile the Judge led Longstreet a neck and looked like a winner, but Taral outrode the "major" down the stretch and Longstreet landed the money for plunger "Mike" by a length and a half. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:12. The talent felt wretched over the winner's surprising good performance in the going. Longstreet is rapidly getting "cherry ripe," and when he is "on edge" he can beat Judge Morrow a block over the handicap course.

Theodore Winters, of Reno, Nev., has sold the two-year-old chestnut colt Yo-El-Rey, full brother to Yo Tambien, and half-brother to Emperor of Norfolk, The Czar and Rey del Rey, to Mr. Charles Fair, of San Francisco, son of the dead millionaire and brother-in-law of Mr. Herman Oelrichs, of this city. The price paid was thirty thousand dollars. Four yearlings by Joe Hooker were also purchased by the same gentleman for thirty thousand dollars. It is said that Mr. Fair is going into racing on a big scale, and will buy only the best.

Even owners and trainers do not always know when to bet on their own horses. Here is a case in point. On the day that Longstreet beat Judge Morrow the Dwyers had their colts, Temple and Airshaft, in a selling race with

Julio, Tom Tough and Vernon. Tom Tough was favorite at 8 to 5, while 10 to 1 could be had against Temple. The Dwyers played the favorite for a lot of money, and had the satisfaction of seeing their despised Temple win as he pleased from Julio, with Tom Tough nearly twenty lengths back. Racing is mighty uncertain.

The intense and growing interest felt by New Yorkers in thoroughbred racers has been very strongly evidenced during the last few days. It is the fashion here to conduct sales of such stock at night, under electric light, and, aside from the horsemen who come to buy, there is always a large attendance of society people—ladies as well as gentlemen—who enjoy the excitement of the scene. During three evenings recently one hundred and forty thoroughbred yearlings were sold at auction by Colonel S. D. Bruce and by Tattersalls, of New York, for about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, as much as six thousand dollars being paid for a single yearling, while many brought over three thousand dollars. Just now the breeders of high-class thoroughbreds are enjoying a boom that will make many of them wealthy, if they profit by it.

## GOLD AND BLACK.

## MEN OF BRAWN AND MUSCLE.

The Yale-Harvard eight-oared boat race will be decided at New London, Conn., on July 1st. It will be rowed down-stream, and will be called about four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Canoe Club has begun its annual Summer trip. Twenty members launched their canoes in the Delaware River at Port Deposit, expecting to shoot the rapids all the way down to Port Jervis, a distance of ninety miles.

The Harlem Regatta, the first big aquatic event of the season, was held in a driving rainstorm and rough water, but the oarsmen did not seem to mind the wetting. The river was free of the usually troublesome small boats, and no fouls marred the sport, which was of an exciting character. The races were all one mile straightaway with the exception of the senior eight-oared shell event, which was one and one-half miles. The winners were as follows:

JUNIOR SINGLES: William Mulcare, Dauntless Rowing Club. Time, seven minutes thirty-four and a half seconds. P. L. Howard, New York Athletic Club, second.

SENIOR SINGLES: Edwin Hedley, Vesper Boat Club. Time, six minutes and fifty-six seconds. Fred Hawkins, Manhattan Athletic Club, second. Time, six minutes fifty-six and one-fifth seconds.

DOUBLE SCULLS: Vesper Boat Club, J. Y. Parke, bow, and E. Headley, stroke. Time, six minutes and forty-seven seconds. Manhattan Athletic Club; J. E. Nagle, bow, and J. Pilkington, stroke, second. Time, six minutes forty-seven and one-fifth seconds.

JUNIOR FOOURS: Nonpareil Boat Club, H. W. Esray, bow; S. Hammond, 2; J. Murphy, 3; W. Kamman, stroke. Time, seven minutes and seven seconds.

SENIOR FOOURS: Atalanta Boat Club, J. H. Channing, bow; Fred Freeman, 2; J. Weldon, 3, and M. T. Quigley, stroke. No time taken.

JUNIOR EIGHTHES: Columbia College Freshmen, W. B. Potts, bow; C. Freeman, 2; M. B. Spaulding, 3; F. M. Cutler, 4; E. L. Dougherty, 5; F. R. Shepard, 6; E. B. Sturges, 7; P. V. Richards, stroke; E. C. Parish, coxswain. Time, six minutes twenty and a half seconds. Bohemian Boat Club, 2; New York Athletic Club, 3.

SENIOR EIGHTHES: New York Athletic Club, W. B. Pinckney, bow; J. R. Crawford, 2; C. E. Knoblauch, 3; C. G. Miller, 4; B. F. Haubold, 5; E. J. Giannini, 6; A. L. Clark, 7; S. B. Hunt, stroke; D. G. Smyth, coxswain. Time, nine minutes and eighteen seconds. School of Mines, Columbia College, second. Time, nine minutes thirty-five and three-quarter seconds.

"Charley" Johnston, John L. Sullivan's principal backer and most intimate friend, showed unusually good judgment in selecting "Phil" Casey as the trainer for the big fellow. Considerable anxiety had been manifested by Sullivan's friends for fear a man would be chosen who would be too lenient with him and overlook actions which in a course of vigorous training should not be tolerated. Casey is the champion handball player of the world, and champion and champion will go hand in hand on this occasion. The reputation which Casey enjoys is that he is honest and fearless, not afraid to enforce his ideas when he thinks he is right and fearless enough to reprimand Sullivan if he should refuse to do what he tells him. Johnston and Sullivan think that Casey is the best man who could have possibly been secured to train the champion in his coming boxing match with James J. Corbett, at the Olympic Club, New Orleans, September 7th.

I asked Casey the other day what course of training he intended to put Sullivan through, but he said that he had not yet decided, as it is yet too early. Johnston tells me that some spot at Oyster Bay, on Long Island, will be selected for the training-ground, as it is as much an out-of-the-way place as can possibly be found. The big fellow will begin training on July 1st. With his theatrical company he played at Holmes's Star Theater in Brooklyn recently, and every night he received a tremendous ovation. The house was packed at every performance. John L. is idolized hereabouts as much as ever, as was shown by the crowds which followed him whenever he ventured out. He never looked better in his life, and is not indulging in a drop of any strong drink. All he drinks is vichy water and soda. He will train from July 1st to the middle of August, when he will be taken to New Orleans to become acclimated. He thinks that he will "punch holes" in Corbett.

The great bicycle relay race from Chicago to New York, in which cyclists carried a message from General Miles to General Howard, in order to test the wheel as a means of conveying army messages as against horses, has ended. General Miles handed the dispatch to Arthur Lumsden, the bicyclist, in Chicago, on a Wednesday at noon. The distance was nine hundred and seventy-five miles, and it was expected that it would be covered in a little less than

one hundred hours. No sooner had the race begun than rain began to fall and kept up almost continuously to the time the last relay of bicyclists reached this city. This impeded the progress of the cyc'ists, and the obstacles they met with were most discouraging. The terrible roads were the means of breaking the wheels, and in some cases the roads were in such bad condition that the riders had to walk. It took four days, twelve hours, fifty-five minutes and twelve seconds before the message was delivered by H. Lansing Quick and W. S. Campbell to General Howard's aide-de-camp on Park Row, nearly twelve hours behind time.

It is doubtful if the United States Government will ever adopt the bicycle to send dispatches in place of the horse. General Howard has as yet refused to express an opinion about it. Enthusiastic bicycle men pronounce the relay race a great success and are trying to boom it. They are not to be blamed for that. In the minds of unprejudiced persons the race proved the death of any further talk about bicycles being substituted for horses. True, it does not cost a cent to feed a bicycle, but a bicycle cannot be rode where a horse can. Fancy the rider of a bicycle, carrying a message in the time of war, to General Howard, pacing up and down the river front, as his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Treat, did, one night after he was given General Miles's message, trying to reach Governor's Island. It was one o'clock at night, and the last boat had left for Governor's Island three hours before. General Howard did not receive the message until the next morning at daylight. But for all this, there is to be another bicycle relay race on June 26th, from Cleveland to Buffalo, a distance of two hundred miles.

## THERMIDOR.

WOOL—"When one train of cars piles on top of another why do they call it 'telescoping'?"

VAN PELT—"Because the passengers usually get a splendid view of the heavens."



The bright sunshine which followed the long period of rain-fall and floods in the West and Southwest infused new spirit into the traders of Wall Street, and once more they are ready to admit that after all there is perhaps something in life worth living for. They tell you now that the thorough soaking the ground received when it was under water has prepared it for the long drought which will probably follow, and that the crops consequently must be good. They have forgotten the dismal song they were singing only a few days ago, and they have tuned their lyre to the deep basso of the bull.

They tell us the market is going up because everything that is American is prosperous, and also because there is such a plethora of money that it must find outlet in the stock market. But all the same the market don't go up. And why? Because prices are already too high. Northwest pays six per cent. and is selling at 120. Burlington, until this quarter, has been distributing four per cent., and is held above 105. Rock Island, which last year paid only three per cent., is up in the eighties. New York Central distributes four and a half per cent. and commands 115, while Lake Shore, which pays six per cent., is selling at 135. Manhattan, another six per cent. payer, is now about the same price as Lake Shore. These are standard stocks of speculation, and they are quoted to show that even with cheap money they are not attractive. They will have to be marked down, and put upon the bargain counter before the public will rush in to buy them.

Northern Pacific preferred has no friends, and traders take thirty-five for it. It is the target for operators who wish to bring about reactions. Richmond Terminal is still in the throes of dissolution. Several people are at work trying to resuscitate it, but with poor success. The Atchison management has brought curses upon itself from the holders of its four per cent. general bonds. The holders originally had seven per cent. bonds of undoubted security, and they were induced to exchange them for four per cents. because they were given five per cent. income bonds to make up the apparent loss of income. Now when the incomes are to be retired by a second mortgage bearing a much lower rate of interest the holders of the fours are irate, and talk legal proceedings.

It is not surprising that a deep gloom pervades Wall Street, in view of the number of depressing incidents of recent date. The unusually late Spring has raised the question of the probability of the crops maturing before killing frosts become common. Then the most disastrous floods which the West and Southwest have suffered from have already inflicted a damage calculated to amount to fifty million dollars, to say nothing of the consequential injuries which are sure to follow. On top of all this comes talk of a Western war of states and the possible disruption of the harmony which has existed among the railways for a couple of years. Even in the best of times any one of these incidents would furnish good bear ammunition; but at this time, when the foreign situation is by no means serene, the fusillade of bad news has simply mowed down the ranks of the bulls.

The failure of the Richmond Terminal plan was foreseen from the first, although some people thought that it might be carried through, owing to the financial standing and strength of the committee which had the business in hand. In truth, most of the members of the committee were only figureheads. Its chairman, whom no man stands higher in the financial community, lent little more strength to the plan than that of his name, because he was prevented from actively participating in the business of reorganization by protracted illness. Other members, possibly because they saw the weakness of the proposition, were simply passive. The result was that the underlying securities were not deposited and the plan failed, as it ought to have done. When it is remembered that the Richmond Terminal stockholders have at best only certain equity rights in the system it seems most extraordinary that in the reorganization plan they were the only holders of securities of any kind who were not asked to make sacrifices. The original plan having failed, the stockholders are now trying to get together in order to save the entire system from disaster.

The announcement of the proposed Atchison issue of bonds was premature and unofficial, but it was well founded. The proposition is to issue one hundred million dollars second-mortgage bonds having a low rate of interest, eighty million dollars of which is to be used for retiring the present incomes and the remainder to be devoted to betterments and improvements. There is nothing in the proposition which should alarm the stockholders, for if it is carried out it will bring them considerably nearer a dividend than at present. More money is undoubtedly needed for the growing business of the company, and in seeking it in the way proposed the example of the Pennsylvania and New York Central is being followed.

The passage of the dividend on the preferred stock of the Northern Pacific was not unexpected, although certain insiders in the company used their influence up to the last moment to have it paid. The earnings for several months have been unsatisfactory and the future is not as promising as it might be. In the first place, business in the Pacific Northwest has been bad for six months and it shows no signs of immediate improvement. The "booming" business has been overdone, and Seattle and Tacoma are now undergoing a very pronounced reaction. The Canadian Pacific has cut into the traffic of the Northern Pacific, and it will not be long before the territory of the latter will be entered by the Great Northern. Ultimately, Northern Pacific may become a valuable property, but the immediate outlook is not encouraging.

MIDAS.



## FLORAL DECORATIONS FOR WEDDINGS.

JUNE is the month of flowers and weddings. Every prospective bride wishes something distinctive and novel in the line of floral decorations. It would seem that ingenuity in this line had been taxed to the utmost, but here are a few unique suggestions from an eminent florist. Following in the train of the Louis Quinze draperies and furniture materials come some of the prettiest imaginable of table decorations. Many appear to be copied from bits of old brocade, garlanded with flowers and decked with baskets and true-lover's knots. On the snowy damask tiny roses are clustered in light garlands, and laid so as to give an appearance of an oblong center bordered with half-wreaths. Bows of delicate maiden-hair fern and other feathery foliage attach one garland to another. The center spaces are occupied by silver bowls, decanter stands, fantastically shaped baskets of white or tinted latticework filled with more roses. These baskets are quite novel, very graceful in shape and of true French style. They come in white or in delicate tints. Some are flecked with color, others are painted in graduated shades of one color. These fanciful receptacles require only a few flowers grouped artistically and lightly. The Louis Quinze style is seen also in staircase decoration, but larger and more showy flowers are required. Pendant baskets, tied with gay ribbons, and garlands tied about the stair-rail make a delightful effect. Mirrors are draped with long trails of foliage studded with tiny bouquets. Screens are paneled with flowers in most ingenious fashion. At the back, attached to the screen, is a receptacle for water to keep the sprays forming the panels fresh for hours.

Sedan chairs are very much in vogue as flower-holders. They are made in lattice fashion, tinted with sunset or moonlight hues. At each interlacing are set forget-me-nots, violets, primroses or orchids. A charming sideboard decoration for a wedding breakfast is a silver bell filled with white roses, orchids, grasses and foliage, lying upon a cushion of white velvet. A pair of dainty Louis Quinze white satin shoes filled with orchids, chrysanthemums and roses forms a suitable wedding decoration. For a golden wedding, yellow satin shoes with golden heels, filled with orange-fruit and foliage, yellow orchids and yellow satin bows, are recommended. All table decorations must be either of great height or extremely low; no medium is allowable.

## BOATING AND YACHTING GOWNS.

NEVER does a pretty woman look better than in a trim, jaunty boating or yachting costume. No one understands this fact more thoroughly than the pretty woman herself, and just now she is engaged in designing a costume which shall be at once comfortable and attractive. Perhaps the most novel design of this season is that shown by the "Neptune." This charming gown is suitable either for an "up the river" or "down the bay" costume. It is of navy serge, and has the front part of the bodice cut all in one with the skirt, and giving the pointed girdle effect. The natty little coat is cut short at the waist, and is smartly trimmed with black Austrian knots. It is made with wide lapels, high collar and long coat-tails at the back.

A pink cambric shirt is worn. A sailor hat, officer's cap or tarpaulin may be effectively worn.

The "Nereid" is distinctively for yachting, and comes also in navy serge. The skirt fits in glove fashion, and the blouse is shaped to the figure and finished in truly nautical fashion with the sailor collar and chemisette of white serge. An officer's cap of dark blue with a gilt band is worn. If one is going upon an extended yachting trip it is well to have an extra gown to wear in port or for receiving visitors from shore. This second gown may be more elaborate. A white serge, trimmed with gold or silver braid, is very desirable for this purpose. An exceptionally novel costume in this line is made quite à la Russe, with a skirt and undersleeves of white serge, a Russian blouse of red serge, very full and long both back and front, with square-cut hanging oversleeves, collar and waistband of Russian embroidery.

## COMBINATIONS OF COLOR.

THE color combinations this season are striking, audacious and weird. Here are a few: heliotrope and water-cress-green; cloud-gray and daffodil; blue and green; pink and pure yellow; lemon and mauve; rose-leaf, bronze and lilac; peach and turquoise; pistache and smoke; old rose and sapphire; citron-yellow and olive; copper and pink; black and moonlight-blue; cream and terra cotta; maize and chestnut; gold, cream and olive-green; primrose and silver-gray; violet, grass-green and yellow; powder-blue, black and silver, and scarlet and fawn. No longer is it considered imperative that gowns, hats and gloves, should be mere variations on the same theme of color. Your frock may be one hue, your hat another and your gloves yet another. There is nothing distinctive about an all-gray, all-tan or all-blue costume! But a blue gown, poppy-red hat and tan gloves are excessively smart and up to date.

## WASHING GOWNS.

EMBROIDERED cambrics and other washing fabrics of the embroidered flounce type are not in demand, as they ill accord with the present fashion of skirts. The most general mode of making washing skirts is the plain, straight style, which just escapes the ground, and without any extra length at the back. The fullness which necessarily comes to the back when there is no gore or slope

is arranged in flat plaits and forms a graceful back. Foundations are no longer used with ordinary cotton. Before deciding upon the make of the skirt, consider your petticoats. If the cotton is of light color, an unlined dress-skirt means white petticoats; but if lined throughout, dark petticoats can be worn, as silk ones are usually worn with cotton gowns. The unlined skirt also necessitates extra petticoats. Jaconet, nainsook or check muslin make good linings and do not shrink. No frills are required inside cotton gowns, but even when lined throughout there should be a facing of the same material. Lace, Irish point and guipure are much sought for washing gowns. A charming gown of plain buttercup-yellow satin has a simple skirt and plainly fitted round front and sides. One tiny ruff of the material and a border of narrow white insertion complete the trimming. The bodice is made on a shaped lining and has a very short, round basque. The top of the bodice is perfectly smooth and tight, but the lower part has no gores or darts, and is drawn in folds to fit the figure. Embroidery and insertion is laid in corset fashion on the bodice, and also again at the waist and basque. The sleeves have huge puffs of the material, divided by facings of embroidery to form cuffs. This simple little gown can be quite easily fashioned by the home dressmaker.

## BELTS AND GIRDLES.

THERE never was so surprising a variety of belts, sashes and girdles. The Gordon sash so popular last season has given way to the Swiss belt, the metal girdle or the long pongee sash. If you have laid away a Roman sash with all the colors of the rainbow, bring it forth, lay it in a broad band about your waist, knot it on one side, letting the ends fall to the bottom of your gown, and you will show one of



THE NEREID.

fashion's latest caprices. The Swiss belts come in silk studded with steel or jet nailheads, in leather and skins-morocco, alligator, snake and antelope. Others are clasped with steel, silver and gold buckles. Many leather belts consist of narrow straps in front and back, running into a belt at the sides.

Black velvet-pointed belts richly embroidered in jet are shown, while the display of gilt and silver belts is endless. Many cotton gowns are made with pointed girdles of white guipure laid over some delicate shade of silk harmonizing with the color of the dress. With a serge gown, shirt and blazer, leather belts or girdles are en regle, though girdles of the serge are quite allowable. Narrow leather belts are not as stylish as the pointed ones laced front and back with silk cord. Suede and Russia-leather belts are very smart.

## BLACK EVENING GOWNS.

THE clever woman, when deciding upon an evening gown, is quite inclined to select black. This she does from two motives—economy and coquetry. A black evening gown, by various insignificant changes from time to time, may be worn indefinitely. By the addition of ribbons, lace, flowers, the old black evening gown may be made to appear quite new and fresh whenever worn. It is not to be positively identified, whereas the pink, blue, yellow or green can be "spotted" directly it makes its advent. Then, too, the clever woman, if she be passably young and pretty, knows that the great law of contrast is always effective, and that her white arms and neck never look fairer than when set off by a black frame.

Thus the old black silk moiré, surah or glacé, as the case may be, is always full of delightful possibilities. If there is one hanging in your wardrobe, bring it forth and regard it with reverence, for from its dust and ashes may

rise an enchanting vision. Any full skirt may assume the fashionable bell-shape by judicious cutting and piecing. Piece at any point, for the grenadine or tulle which is to veil the silk will cover all seams. When you have the bell-skirt and low bodice, square, round or V-shape, as you choose, veil the entire gown with black net, grenadine or tulle. A most elegant and effective way to cover the back of such a costume is to arrange a Watteau plait of the tulle, gathered into one point in the middle of the back, and allowed to float out in sufficient width to cover the train. If the tulle be spangled with jet, so much the better. Net worked with gold thread is also effective when used in this way, and if a deep fringe of gold beads is added to the edge of the bodice, the result is most satisfactory. An old blue silk may be covered with black grenadine and bordered with an embroidery of beads in shimmering moonlight-blue, with here and there a touch of jet, and a Watteau bow of blue and black velvet ribbon in the back of the bodice gives a dainty last touch.

## FOULARD COSTUMES.

SOME exquisite costumes of foulard are in process of construction, and will appear on Ocean avenue, Newport. A poppy-red foulard, figured in white, has the skirt edged with a flounce bordered and headed with poppy-red velvet ribbon. The bodice is decorated with double straps of the ribbon, a draped yoke and collar of red velvet and a collarette of white lace. Sleeves of foulard and lace.

A gown of white foulard printed with bouquets of violets has a plaited corsage with guipure corset and pointed belt of amethyst velvet. The guipure sleeves are banded with velvet straps. There is a tiny capeline with amethyst velvet bows and a knot of pale-green feathers.

Another white foulard, scattered over with daisies, has rosettes of emerald-green velvet round the flounce and similar ornaments on the bodice. A hat of golden straw faced with mauve satin, trimmed with emerald velvet and plumes, and a parasol of green chiffon, will finish this extremely smart costume.

A pink foulard, figured with black crescents, is flounced with old Bruges lace, with a berthe and sleeves of the same lace. Round the waist is a black-and-gold ribbon, falling in long ends from a rosette behind. A hat of pale-green straw, trimmed with cherries, lilies-of-the-valley and green gros-grain ribbon bows, is to be worn with this very French costume.

## PRETTY FRIVOLITIES.

SHADED and colored oats, dyed to match dresses, are worn on bonnets. Green barley and wheat ears on cigarette are pretty upon colored straw hats.

Scotch plaid bows in twill silk are very stylish for morning wear.

Colored ribbons jeweled with tiny stones are beautiful, but costly.

The introduction of draped skirts is only a matter of time. Accordion plaits and double skirts are soon to be revived.

Bright-red outdoor garments with waterfalls of lace at the back are very English. Some are of semi-jacket form. A new kind has full bishop's sleeves gathered in a band of jet.

Handkerchiefs have an inch-sized monogram, or a facsimile of the owner's handwriting in embroidery.

Black Lisle stockings, adorned with steps of alternate red, black and white, are chic. Others have the fronts adorned with dice-squares in blue and yellow. Silk stockings, entirely covered with tiny squares in two colors, are new. For evening wear, both hosiery and slippers must match the gown. This is imperative.

A new brooch is an owl with outstretched wings of diamonds.

Shot chiffon, gauze, satin-striped and rosebud-patterned ties are a novelty and a relief from the silk ones.

## TEACUP FORTUNES.

EVERY woman, superstitious or otherwise, has a secret fondness for fortune-telling. And the fate one finds in a teacup is, it is said by wiseacres, sure to be realized. Tea-cup fortune-telling goes hand-in-hand with the refreshing five o'clock cup which cheers and not inebriates.

If you are brewing a cup for yourself and forget the lid of the teapot, which has been removed to pour on the water, you may as well put in an extra pinch of tea, for a guest is sure to drop in. If you are single and living at your ease, and chance to have two spoons in your saucer, it is a prediction that your trouble will begin within the year.

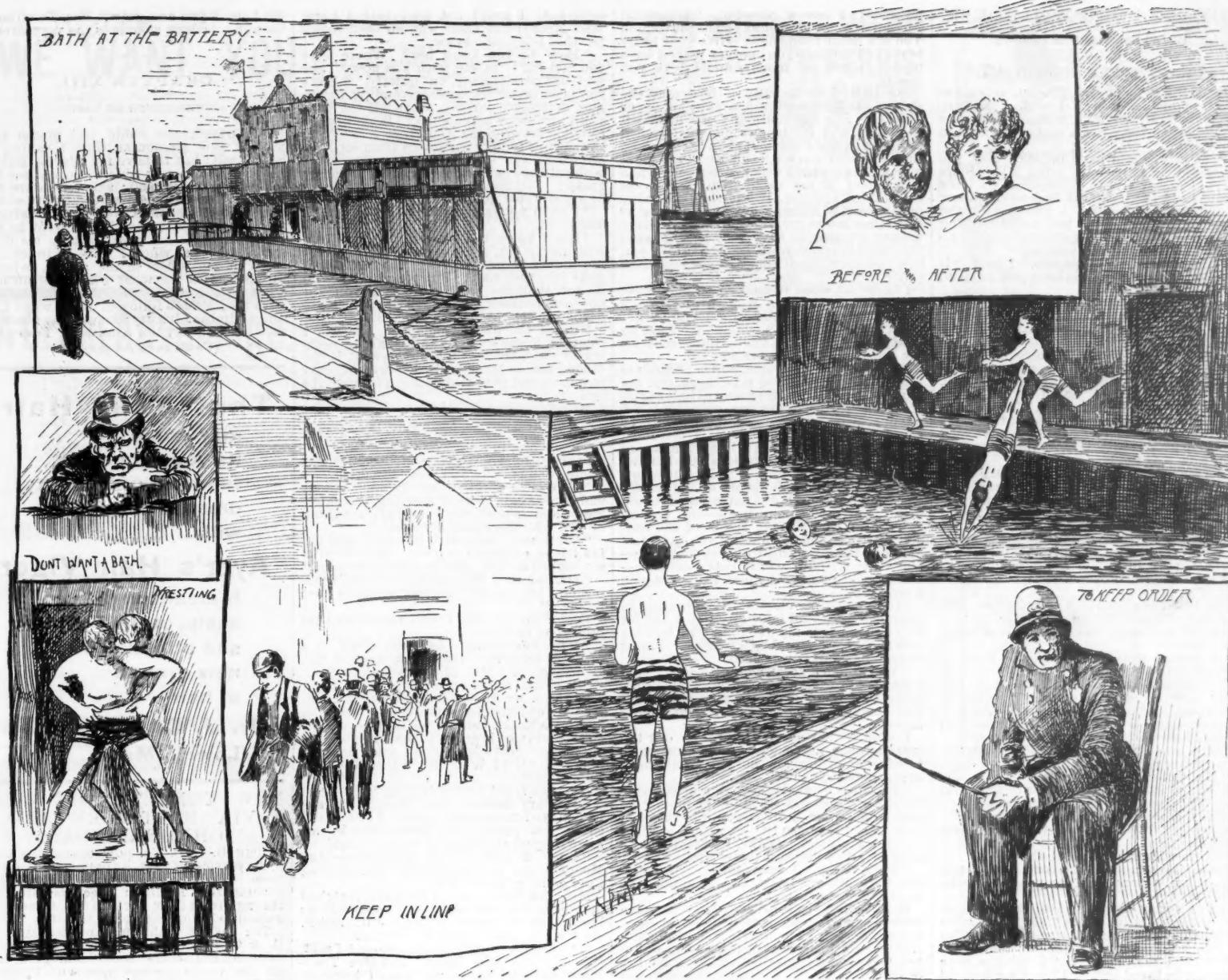
Should a tea-stalk float in your cup, it means a sweetheart, and you must stir your tea rapidly round and round and then hold the spoon upright in the center of the cup. If the "sweetheart" is attracted by the spoon and clings to it, you will shortly meet him; but if the tea-stalk goes to the side of the cup, you have lost him.

Do you wish to know how many years will elapse before you will marry? Balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon partly with tea, and, holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops. Each one means a long twelvemonth!



THE NEPTUNE.





OPENING OF THE FREE BATHS ALONG THE NORTH AND EAST RIVERS, NEW YORK CITY.

## A FITTING DECORATION.

QUINCIDENCES comes about  
In the course o' Time's events  
Mighty funny, thar's no doubt;  
Leastways that's my 'pinion, sense  
This here Decoration Day  
Sarteries to what I say.

Here's just' how the notion come;  
Seth, that boy o' mine, that fell'  
Tappin' of a Union drum  
In the face o' shot and shell,  
That on Chickymauger's plain  
Poured its devastatin' rain—

That 'ar Seth—God bless the boy—  
Uster say, with laughin' eyes,  
When home-comin' brought him joy  
And his pick o' punkin-pies,  
Next to you thar's nothin' born  
Ekals these here pies o' your'n."

I kin see him now, that day  
When from furlough he went back,  
On the kear that snaked away  
Down the curvin' railroad track,  
Tossin' good-by kisses and  
Holdin' pie in 'other hand.

Waal! The leetle churchyard now  
Holds 'm in its green embrace,  
And each May-time I allow  
Time to plant in that dear place  
Flowers that's oft our love expressed  
In a language God knows best.

Somehow, tho', last May-time brought  
Household cares that held me fast,  
So that pilgrimage I thought—  
For the usual time had passed—  
I'd entrus' to Uncle Jake,  
Glad to serve for Seth's dear sake.

Age had dimmed his sight, but still  
He'd a heart for lovin' deeds,  
So he started with a will,  
Purchased some assorted seeds,  
Jarneyed to the grave an' thar  
Planted 'em with farvent pra'r.

Summer hummed along, an' till  
August come I never got—  
Tho' I had a longin' will—  
Chance to visit that ar spot,  
Then, a-growin' on that mound  
What you reckon 'twas I found?

Cowslips? Sca'sely! Mornin' Star?  
No, nor nary flower at all,  
But a punkin' gleamin' thar  
Like a great big golden ball—  
Shinin' out jus' like a sun  
When a glad June day's begun.

Uncle Jake's mistake? I s'pose.  
Yit, a thinkin' on the thing,  
Not the sweetest flower that grows  
Could o' bin sich mem'ries bring,  
Nor reflected with such art  
That 'ar darlin's golden heart.—WADE WHIPPLE.

## OPENING OF THE FREE BATHS.

"HEY, mister! wen yer goin' to let us in?"

The question was asked by a tall, thin boy about twelve years old, who wore a pair of baggy trousers, a calico waist and a damaged straw hat. He seemed to be the leader of the gang. At his back were boys of all ages and all sizes—fat boys, thin boys, tall boys, small boys and other boys.

The trouble began over a week ago, when the bath was brought down to the Battery wall, not far from the Barge Office. The big, wooden structure must first undergo repairs, then it is cleaned and painted.

Last Saturday, after the above question had been asked for the one hundredth time, the superintendent said: "Come around here Monday, boys, if you want a swim!"

"Want a swim?" scornfully remarked one impudent gamin, "do yer tink we want ter drown?"

The news spread like wildfire over the city, that the free baths would open on Monday.

How the boys trooped over Battery Park from all directions! Some came running, and most of them were ragged and barefooted, and many nationalities were represented. The olive-skin children of Italy have a kind of dark beauty, and, naked, they resemble Murillo's pictures of boys. There were blue-eyed, round-limbed, fat German "kindts," fair, freckled Irish lads, and a sprinkling of Swedish and Jewish boys. Altogether, it was a lively scene and a noisy crowd.

When the bath-door was thrown open, like untrained animals, the boys made a wild rush over the gangway. The blue-coated policeman stood as a barrier against the surging crowd. He had his hands full. He had to exercise his authority most of the time. "Get into line! Here, stop that pushing!"

But the boys would not get into line, nor would they stop pushing. To most of them the scramble for a swim was "a lark."

Thus, guided by the policeman, the boys pressed into the bathhouse by twos and by fours. Once inside, each fellow was in a desperate hurry to jump into the water. The few bits of clothing were stripped off, and each boy came forth adorned only in gingham tights.

There were some odd sights. One little fellow had a pair of trousers two or three sizes too large for him. He had a misfit, but he wasn't going to change it.

Now, the fun began in earnest. What a glorious time the boys were having! How they seemed to enjoy the first swim of the season! There was no end of splashing and screaming and laughter. There were noisy games of leapfrog on the platform and of "tag." One boy stood de-

bating with himself whether or not to jump into the water. Of course he was rudely pushed in by some unknown hand. Another boy wanted to go out, but he was seized by the legs and dragged back, howling and protesting with all his might.

However, good-nature prevailed, and there were very few "scraps." The boys were too busy enjoying the fun to bother about quarreling. Those who did not want to take part in the horseplay were let severely alone—after awhile.

In one corner, a big boy is teaching his small friend how to swim. He puts his right arm under his pupil's body and places his left hand under the chin. Then he yells, "Kick!" The small boy is kicking well, and soon he is told how to use his hands.

Most of the boys would like to have remained in the bath at least half a day. But the season was against them. The water was cold, although the air was quite warm. In less than half an hour the boys scrambled out, their bodies dripping with salt water and glistening in the sunshine, blue at the lips and with chattering teeth. They had enough fun and swimming for one day; they would come again on Wednesday.

There are "Ladies' Days" at the free baths. Three days of the week are set apart for women and girls, who seem to have about as much fun as the boys. Unlike the latter, the girls must bring their own bathing-dresses. Some of the costumes are so décolleté that the wearers become subjects of gossip. Young women at the free baths are as seemly and modestly-clad as are Summer Girls at the seashore at Long Branch or Coney Island.

There are fifteen free baths scattered along the water front. Only three places were opened last week, the others will be ready for the people within a week or two. They all keep open until the 1st of September, or later, if the warm weather continues. In midsummer the average daily attendance at the fifteen free baths runs from fifty to sixty thousand. These are the only baths most of these people ever get during the whole year. L. J. V.

## APT TO BE PROSY.

WRITER—"I don't believe it would be worth while to invite any editors to our dinner."

AUTHOR—"They mightn't come, but they would send letters of regret."

WRITER—"Yes, but I never received one yet that took hold of the subject with any originality."

## HAMLET UP TO DATE.

"A sea of troubles"—Behring.







JESS—"What did George say when Ethel told him she would be a sister to him?"  
BESS—"Said all right; that he had an aunt about her age."

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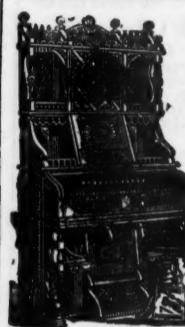
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